

Across the Andes Charles Johnson Post

"The legion that never was listed,"
The soft-lilting rhythm and song,
The starlight, and shadowy tropics,
The palms—and all that belong;
The unknown that ever persisted
In dreams that were epics of bliss,
Of glory and gain without effort—
And the visions have faded, like this.
-- (Excerpt from the opening poem, "The Tropics"

Read by LibriVox volunteers 27 Tracks. Total Duration: 07:03:18

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